

A
JOURNEY
TO
LONDON.
BEING
PART of a COMEDY

Written by the Late

Sir *John Vanbrugh*, Knt.

And Printed after His own Copy :

Which (since his Decease) has been made an
Intire Play,

By Mr. *C I B B E R*,

And call'd, *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND*, &c.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN WATTS, at the Printing Office
in *Wild-Court*, near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, 1728.

TOURNEY

BY JOHN...

PART OF A COMEDY

Written by the Author

KING



Sir John...

Printed by...

Which (since his Death) has been made an

By Mr. C. B. B. R.

And sold by the Author's Husband, &c.

Printed for John... at the Printing Office
in the Strand, at the Sign of the...

Distances - Fiction

NEW

The first of the series is 'The Countess's Journey' by Mrs. G. G. ...
The second is 'The Countess's Journey' by Mrs. G. G. ...
The third is 'The Countess's Journey' by Mrs. G. G. ...
The fourth is 'The Countess's Journey' by Mrs. G. G. ...
The fifth is 'The Countess's Journey' by Mrs. G. G. ...

WOMEN

Lady ...
Miss ...
Lady ...
The ...
The ...

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Francis Headpiece, a Country Gentleman.

Lord Loverule.

Sir Charles.

Uncle Richard, Uncle to *Sir Francis*.

Squire Humphry, Son to *Sir Francis*.

Colonel Courtly.

John Moody, Servant to *Sir Francis*.

James, Servant to *Uncle Richard*.

W O M E N.

Lady Headpiece.

Miss Betty, her Daughter.

Lady Arabella, Wife to *Lord Loverule*.

Clarinda, a young unmarried Lady.

Mrs. Motherly, one that lets Lodgings.

Martilla, her Neice.



A Journey to LONDON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *Uncle Richard's House.*

Uncle Richard solus.



WHAT prudent Cares does this deep foreseeing Nation take, for the Support of its worshipful Families! In order to which, and that they may not fail to be always significant and useful in their Country, it is a settled Foundation-Point, that every Child that is born, shall be a Beggar—— Except one; and that he shall be a Fool.

My Grandfather was bred a Fool, as the Country report; my Father was a Fool—— as my Mother us'd to say; my Brother was a Fool, to my own Knowledge, tho' a Great Justice of the Peace; and he has left a Son, that will make his Son a Fool, or I am mistaken.

The Lad is now fourteen years old, and but just out of his Psalter. As to his honour'd Father, my much esteemed Nephew, Here I have him. *[Shewing a Letter.*

In this profound Epistle (which I have just now receiv'd) there is the Top and Bottom of him. Forty years and two is the Age of him; in which it is computed by his Butler, his own person has drank two and thirty Ton of Ale. The rest of his Time has been employ'd in persecuting all the poor four-legg'd Creatures round,

round, that wou'd but run away fast enough from him, to give him the high-mettled pleasure, of running after them.

In this noble Employ, he has broke his right Arm, his left Leg, and both his Collar-bones— Once he broke his Neck, but that did him no harm; a nimble Hedge-leaper, a Brother of the Stirrup that was by, whipt off of his Horse and mended it.

His Estate being left him with two Joyntures, and three weighty Mortgages upon it; He, to make all easy, and pay his Brother's and Sister's Portions, marry'd a profuse young Housewife for Love, with never a Penny of Money. Having done all this, like his brave Ancestors, for the Support of the Family, he now finds Children and Interest-Money make such a bawling about his Ears, that he has taken the friendly Advice of his Neighbour the good Lord *Courtlove*, to run his Estate two thousand Pounds more in debt, that he may retrieve his Affairs by being a Parliament-Man, and bringing his Wife to *London* to play off a hundred Pounds at Dice with Ladies of Quality, before Breakfast.

But let me read this Wiseacre's Letter, once over again.

Most honoured Uncle.

I Do not doubt but you have much rejoiced at my Success, in my Election; It has cost me some Money I own: but what of all that! I am a Parliament-Man, and that will set all to rights. I have lived in the Country all my Days, 'tis true; but what then! I have made Speeches at the Sessions, and in the Vestry too, and can Elsewhere perhaps, as well as some others that do; and I have a Noble Friend hard by, who has let me into some small Knowledge of what's what at Westminster. And so, that I may be always at hand to serve my Country, I have consulted with my Wife, about taking a House at London, and bringing her and my Family up to Town; which, her Opinion is, will be the rightest Thing in the World.

My Wife's Opinion about bringing her to London? I'll read no more of thee— Beast.

[Strikes the Letter down
with his Stick;

Enter

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Enter James hastily.

James. Sir, Sir, do you hear the News? they are all a coming.

Unc. Rich. Ay Sirrah, I hear it, with a Pox to it.

James. Sir, here's *John Moody* arriv'd already; he's stumping about the Streets in his dirty Boots, and asking every Man he meets, if they can tell where he may have a good Lodging for a Parliament-Man, 'till he can hire such a House as becomes him; he tells them his Lady and all the Family are coming too, and that they are so nobly attended, they care not a Fig for any Body.

Sir, they have added two Cart-Horses to the four old Geldings, because my Lady will have it said, she came to Town in her Coach and Six, and (ha, ha) heavy *George* the Plowman rides Postilion.

Unc. Rich. Very well; the Journey begins as it shou'd do—

James.

James. Sir.

Unc. Rich. Dost know whether they bring all the Children with them?

James. Only Squire *Humphry*, and Miss *Betty*, Sir; the other Six are put to board at Half a Crown a week a Head, with *Joan Growse* at Smoke-dunghil-Farm.

Unc. Rich. The Lord have Mercy upon all good Folks, what Work will these People make? Dost know when they'll be here?

James. *John* says, Sir, they'd have been here last Night, but that the old wheezy-belly Horse tir'd, and the two fore-wheels came crash down at once in Waggonrut-Lane. Sir, they were cruelly loaden, as I understand; my Lady herself, he says, laid on four Mail-Trunks, besides the great Deal-box, which fat *Tom* sate upon behind.

Unc. Rich. Soh!

James. Then within the Coach there was Sir *Francis*, my Lady, the great fat Lap-dog, Squire *Humphry*, Miss *Betty*,
my

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my Lady's Maid Mrs. *Handy*, and *Doll Tripe* the Cook; but she puked with sitting backward, so they mounted her into the Coach-box.

Unc. Rich. Very well.

James. Then Sir, for fear of a Famine, before they shou'd get to the Baiting-place, there was such Baskets of Plumbcake, Dutch-Gingerbread, Cheshire-Cheese, Naples Biscuits, Maccaroons, Neats-Tongues, and cold boyl'd Beef— and in case of Sickness, such Bottles of Usquebaugh, Black-cherry Brandy, Cinamon-water, Sack, Tent, and Strong-beer, as made the old Coach crack again.

Unc. Rich. Well said!

James. And for Defence of this Good Cheer, and my Lady's little Pearl Necklace, there was the Family Basket-hilt Sword, the great Turkish Cimeter, the old Blunderbuss, a good Bag of Bullets, and a great Horn of Gunpowder.

Unc. Rich. Admirable!

James. Then for Band-boxes, they were so bepiled up, to Sir *Francis's* Nose, that he cou'd only peep out at a chance Hole with one Eye, as if he were viewing the Country thro' a Perspective-Glass.

But Sir, if you please, I'll go look after *John Moody* a little, for fear of Accidents; for he never was in *London* before, you know, but one Week, and then he was kidnapp'd into a House of ill Repute, where he exchang'd all his Money and Cloaths for a— um. So I'll go look after him, Sir. [Exit.

Unc. Rich. Nay, I don't doubt but this wise Expedition will be attended with more Adventures than one—

This noble Head, and Supporter of his Family, will, as an honest Country Gentleman, get Credit enough amongst the Tradesmen, to run so far in debt in one Session as will make him just fit for a Goal, when he's dropt at the next Election.

He will make Speeches in the House, to shew the Government of what Importance he can be to them, by which, they will see, he can be of no Importance at all; and he will find in time, that he stands valued at (if he votes right) being sometimes— invited to Dinner.

Then

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Then his Wife (who has ten times more of a Jade about her than she yet knows of) will so improve in this rich Soil, she will, in one Month, learn every Vice the finest Lady in the Town can teach her.

She will be extremely courteous to the Fops who make Love to her in jest, and she will be extremely grateful to those who do it in earnest.

She will visit all Ladies that will let her into their Houses, and she will run in Debt to all the Shop-keepers that will let her into their Books.

In short, before her Husband has got five Pound by a Speech at *Westminster*, she will have lost five hundred at Cards and Dice in the Parish of *St. James's*.

Wife and Family to *London* with a Pox!

[*Going off.*]

Enter James, and John Moody.

James. Dear *John Moody*, I am so glad to see you in *London* once more.

John Moody. And I you, dear Mr. *James*: Give me a Kiss—Why that's friendly.

James. I wish they had been so, *John*, that you met with when you were here before.

John Moody. Ah — Murrain upon all Rogues and Whores, I say; but I am grown so cunning now, the Deel himself can't handle me. I have made a notable Bargain for these Lodgings here, we are to pay but five Pounds a Week, and have all the House to our selves.

James. Where are the People that belong to it to be then?

John Moody. O! there's only the Gentlewoman, her two Maids, and a Cousin, a very pretty civil young Woman truly, and the Maids are the merriest Griggs —

James. Have a Care, *John*.

John Moody. O, fear nothing, we did so play together last Night.

James. Hush, here comes my Master.

B

Enter

Enter Uncle Richard.

Unc. Rich. What! *John* has taken these Lodgings, has he?

James. Yes Sir, he has taken 'em.

Unc. Rich. Oh *John*! how dost do, honest *John*? I am glad to see thee with all my Heart.

John Moody. I humbly thank your Worship. I'm stout still, and a faithful awd Servant to th' Family. Heav'n prosper aw that belong to't.

Unc. Rich. What, they are all upon the Road?

John Moody. As mony as the awd Coach wou'd hauld, Sir: The Lord send 'em well to tawn.

Unc. Rich. And well out on't again, *John*, ha!

John Moody. Ah Sir! you are a wise Man, so am I: Home's home, I say. I wish we get any Good here. I's fure we ha' got little upo' the Road. Some Mischief or other, aw the day long. Slap goes one thing, crack goes another; my Lady cries out for driving fast; the awd Cattle are for going slow; *Roger* whips, they stand still and kick; nothing but a sort of a Contradiction aw the Journey long. My Lady wou'd gladly have been here last Night Sir, tho' there were no Lodgings got; but her Ladyship said, she did naw care for that, she'd lye in the Inn where the Horses stood, as long as it was in *London*.

Unc. Rich. These Ladies, these Ladies, *John*——

John Moody. Ah Sir, I have seen a little of 'em, tho' not so much as my Betters. Your Worship is naw marry'd yet?

Unc. Rich. No, *John*, no; I'm an old Batchelor still.

John Moody. Heav'ns blefs you, and preserve you, Sir.

Unc. Rich. I think you have lost your Good-woman, *John*?

John Moody. No Sir, that have I not; *Bridget* sticks to me still. Sir, she was for coming to *London* too, but, no, says I, there may be Mischief enough done without you.

Unc. Rich. Why that was bravely spoken, *John*, and like a Man.

John

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John Moody. Sir, were my Measter but hafe the Mon that I am, Gadswokers — — tho' he'll speak stoutly too sometimes, but then he conno hawd it; no, he conno hawd it.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Mr. *Moody*, Mr. *Moody*, here's the Coach come.

John Moody. Already? no sure.

Maid. Yes, yes, it's at the Door, they are getting out; my Mistrefs is run to receive 'em.

John Moody. And so will I, as in Duty bound.

[*Ex. John and Maid.*]

Unc. Rich. And I will stay here, not being in Duty bound, to do the Honours of this House.

Enter Sir Francis, Lady, 'Squire Humphry, Miss Betty, Mrs. Handy, Doll Tripe, John Moody, and Mrs. Motherly.

La. Head. Do you hear, *Moody*, let all the Things be first laid down here, and then carry'd where they'll be us'd.

John Moody. They shall, an't please your Ladyship.

La. Head. What, my Uncle *Richard* here to receive us! this is kind indeed: Sir, I am extremely glad to see you.

Unc. Rich. Neice, your Servant.

[*Salutes her.*]

I am extremely sorry to see you, in the worst Place I know in the World for a good Woman to grow better in.

Nephew, I am your Servant too; but I don't know how to bid you welcome.

Sir Fran. I am sorry for that, Sir.

Unc. Rich. Nay, 'tis for your own sake: I'm not concern'd.

Sir Fran. I hope, Uncle, I shall give you such weighty Reasons for what I have done, as shall convince you I am a prudent Man.

Unc. Rich. That wilt thou never convince me of, whilst thou shalt live.

[*Aside.*]

Sir Fran. Here *Humphry*, come up to your Uncle — Sir, this is your Godson.

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Squire

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Squire Hump. Honour'd Uncle and Godfather, I crave leave to ask your Blessing. [Kneels.

Unc. Rich. Thou art a Numscul I see already. [Aside.
There, thou hast it. [Puts his Hand on his Head.

And if it will do thee any good, may it be, to make thee, at least, as wife a Man as thy Father.

La. Head. Miss Betty, don't you see your Uncle?

Unc. Rich. And for thee, my Dear, may'st thou be, at least, as good a Woman as thy Mother.

Miss Betty. I wish I may ever be so handsome, Sir.

Unc. Rich. Ha! Miss Pert! now that's a Thought that seems to have been hatcht in the Girl on this side *Highbgate*. [Aside.

Sir Fran. Her Tongue is a little nimble, Sir.

La. Head. That's only from her Country Education, Sir *Francis*, she has been kept there too long; I therefore brought her to *London*, Sir, to learn more Reserve and Modesty.

Unc. Rich. O! the best Place in the World for it. Every Woman she meets, will teach her something of it.

There's the good Gentlewoman of the House, looks like a knowing Person, ev'n she perhaps will be so good to read her a Lesson, now and then, upon that Subject.

An errant Bawd, or I have no Skill in Physiognomy. [Aside.

Mrs. Moth. Alas, Sir, Miss won't stand long in need of my poor Instructions; if she does, they'll be always at her Service.

La. Head. Very obliging indeed, Mrs. *Motherly*.

Sir Fran. Very kind and civil truly; I believe we are got into a mighty good House here.

Unc. Rich. For good Business very probable. [Aside.

Well Neice, your Servant for to-night; you have a great deal of Affairs upon your Hands here, so I won't hinder you.

La. Head. I believe, Sir, I shan't have much less every day, while I stay in this Town, of one sort or other.

Unc. Rich. Why, 'tis a Town of much Action indeed.

Miss Betty. And my Mother did not come to it to be idle, Sir.

Unc. Rich. Nor you neither, I dare say, young Mistress.

Miss

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Miss Betty. I hope not, Sir.

Unc. Rich. Um! Miss Mettle.

[*Going, Sir Francis following him.*

Where are you going, Nephew?

Sir Fran. Only to attend you to the Door, Sir.

Unc. Rich. Phu! no Ceremony with me; you'll find I shall use none with you, or your Family. [Exit.

Sir Fran. I must do as you command me, Sir.

Miss Betty. This Uncle *Richard*, Papa, seems but a crusty sort of an old Fellow.

Sir Fran. He is a little odd, Child, but you must be very civil to him, for he has a great deal of Money, and no body knows who he may give it to.

La. Head. Phu, A fig for his Money; you have so many Projects of late about Money, since you are a Parliament-Man, we must make our selves Slaves to his testy Humours, seven Years perhaps, in hopes to be his Heirs; and then he'll be just old enough to marry his Maid. But pray let us take care of our Things here: are they all brought in yet?

Mrs. Han. Almost, my Lady, there are only some of the Band-boxes behind, and a few odd things.

La. Head. Let 'em be fetcht in presently.

Mrs. Hand. They are here; come, bring the things in: is there all yet?

Servant. All but the great Basket of Apples, and the Goose Pye.

Enter Cook-maid.

Cook. Ah my Lady! we're aw undone, the Goose Pye's gwon.

All. Gone?

Sir Fran. The Goose Pye gone? how?

Cook. Why Sir, I had got it fast under my Arm to bring it in, but being almost dark, up comes two of these thin starv'd London Rogues, one gives me a great Kick o'the—here;

[*Laying her Hand upon her Backside.*

While t'other hungry Varlet twitcht the dear Pye out of my Hands,
and

and away they run down Street like two Grey-hounds. I cry'd out Fire! But heavy *George*, and fat *Tom* are after 'em with a Vengeance; they'll sawce their Jackets for 'em, I'll warrant 'em.

Enter George with a bloody Face, and Tom.

So, have you catcht 'em?

Geo. Catcht 'em! the Gallows catch 'em for me. I had naw run hafe the length of our Bearn, before somewhat fetcht me such a wherry a-cross the Shins, that dawn came I flop o'my Feace all along in the Channel, and thought I shou'd ne're ha' gotten up again; but *Tom* has skaward aftet them, and cry'd Murder as he'd been stuck.

Cook. Yes, and strait upo' that, swap comes somewhat acrofs my Forehead, with such a Force, that dawn came I, like an Ox.

Squire Humph. So, the poor *Pye's* quite gone then.

Tom. Gone, young Meatter? yeaten I believe by this time. These I suppose are what they call Sharpers in this Country.

Squire Humph. It was a rare good *Pye*.

Cook. As e'er these Hands put Pepper to.

La. Head. Pray Mrs. *Motherly*, do they make a Practice of these things often here?

Mrs. Moth. Madam, they'll twitch a Rump of Beef out of a boiling Copper; and for a Silver Tankard, they make no more Conscience of that, than if it were a *Tunbridge* Sugar-box.

Sir Fran. I wish the Coach and Horses, *George*, were safe got to the Inn. Do you and *Roger* take special Care that no body runs away with them, as you go thither.

Geo. I believe Sir, aur Cattle woant yeasily be run away with to-night; but wee'st take best care we con of them, Poor *Sauls*! [Exit.

Sir Fran. Do so, pray now.

Squire Humph. Feather, I had rather they had run away with heavy *George* than the *Goose Pye*, a slice of it before Supper to-night would have been pure.

La. Head.

La. Head. This Boy is always thinking of his Belly.

Sir Fran. But, my Dear, you may allow him to be a little hungry after a Journey.

La. Head. Pray, good Sir *Francis*, he has been constantly eating in the Coach, and out of the Coach, above seven Hours this Day. I wish my poor Girl cou'd eat a quarter as much.

Miss Betty. Mama, I cou'd eat a good deal more than I do, but then I shou'd grow fat mayhap, like him, and spoil my Shape.

La. Head. Mrs. *Motherly*, will you be so kind to tell them where they shall carry the Things.

Mrs. Moth. Madam, I'll do the best I can: I doubt our Closets will scarce hold 'em all, but we have Garrets and Cellars, which, with the help of hiring a Store-room, I hope may do.

Sir, will you be so good to help my Maids a little in carrying away the Things? [To Tom.

Tom. With all my Heart, Forsooth, if I can but see my way; but these Whoresons have awmost knockt my Eyen awt.

[They carry off the Things.

Mrs. Moth. Will your Ladyship please to refresh your self with a Dish of Tea, after your Fatigue? I think I have pretty good.

La. Head. If you please, Mrs. *Motherly*.

Squire Hump. Would not a good Tankard of Strong Beer, Nutmeg, and Sugar, do better, Feather, with a Toast and some Cheefe?

Sir Fran. I think it wou'd, Son: here, *John Moody*, get us a Tankard of good hearty Stuff presently.

John Moody. Sir, here's *Norfolk-nog* to be had at next Door.

Squire Hump. That's best of all, Feather; but make haste with it, *John*. [Exit Moody.

La. Head. Well, I wonder, Sir *Francis*, you will encourage that Lad to swill his Guts thus with such beastly, lubberly Liquor; if it were *Burgundy*, or *Champain*, something might be said for't; they'd, perhaps, give him some Wit and Spirit; but such heavy, muddy Stuff as this will make him quite stupid.

Sir Fran.

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Sir Fran. Why you know, my Dear! I have drank good Ale, and Strong Beer these thirty Years, and by your Permission I don't know, that I want Wit.

Miss Betty. But you might have had more, Papa, if you'd have been govern'd by my Mother.

Enter John Moody with a Tankard, &c.

Sir Fran. Daughter, he that is govern'd by his Wife, has no Wit at all.

Miss Betty. Then I hope I shall marry a Fool, Father, for I shall love to govern dearly.

Sir Fran. Here *Humphry*, here's to thee. [Drinks.]

You are too pert, Child, it don't do well in a young Woman.

La. Head. Pray *Sir Francis*, don't Snub her, she has a fine growing Spirit, and if you check her so, you'll make her as dull as her Brother there.

Squire Hump. Indeed Mother, I think my Sister is too forward.

[after drinking a long Draught.]

Miss Betty. You? you think I'm too forward? what have you to do to think, Brother Heavy? you are too fat to think of any thing but your Belly.

La. Head. Well said, Miss; he's none of your Master, tho' he's your elder Brother.

Enter George.

Geo. Sir, I have no good Opinion of this Tawne, it's made up of Mischief, I think.

Sir Fran. Why, what's the matter now?

Geo. I'll tell your Worship; before we were gotten to the Street end, a great Luggerheaded Cart, with Wheels as thick as a good Brick Wall, layd hawld of the Coach, and has pood it aw to Bits: An this be *London*, wa'd we were all weel i'th' Country again.

Miss Betty. What have you to do, Sir, to wish us all in the Country again, Lubber? I hope we shan't go in the Country again

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again these seven Years, Mama, let twenty Coaches be pull'd to pieces.

Sir Fran. Hold your Tongue, *Betty*.

Was *Roger* in no fault in this?

Geo. No Sir, nor I neither. Are not you asham'd, says *Roger* to the Carter, to do such an unkind thing to Strangers? No, says he, you Bumpkin.

Sir, he did the thing on very Purpose, and so the Folks said that stood by; but they said your Worship need na be concern'd, for you might have a Law-Suit with him when you pleas'd, that wou'd not cost you above a hundred Pounds, and mayhap you might get the better of him.

Sir Fran. I'll try what I can do with him, I'gad, I'll make such ———

Squire Hump. Feather, have him before the Parliament.

Sir Fran. And so 'I will: I'll make him know who I am. Where does he live?

Geo. I believe in *London*, Sir.

Sir Fran. What's the Villain's name?

Geo. I think I heard Somebody call him *Dick*.

Sir Fran. Where did he go?

Geo. Sir, he went Home.

Sir Fran. Where's that?

Geo. By my Troth I do naw know. I heard him say he had nothing more to do with us to-night, and so he'd go Home and smoke a Pipe.

La. Head. Come, *Sir Francis*, don't put yourself in a Heat, Accidents will happen to People in travelling Abroad to see the World. Eat your Supper heartily, go to Bed, sleep quietly, and to-morrow see if you can buy a handsome second-hand Coach for present Use, bespeak a new one, and then all's easy. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Col. Courtly.

Col. Who's that, *Deborah*?

Deb. At your Service, Sir.

C

Col.

Col. What, do you keep open House here? I found the Street Door as wide as it cou'd gape.

Deb. Sir, we are all in a Bustle, we have Lodgers come in to-night, the House full.

Col. Where's your Mistress?

Deb. Prodigious busy with her Company, but I'll tell Mrs. *Martilla* you are here, I believe she'll come to you. [Exit.

Col. That will do as well.

Poor *Martilla*! she's a very good Girl, and I have lov'd her a great while, I think; six Months it is, since like a merciless Highwayman, I made her deliver all she had about her; she begg'd hard, poor Thing, I'd leave her one small Bawble. Had I let her keep it, I believe she had still kept me. Cou'd Women but refuse their ravenous Lovers, that one dear destructive Moment, how long might they reign over them!

But for a Bane to both their Joys and ours, when they have indulg'd us with such Favours, as make us adore them, they are not able to refuse us that one, which puts an end to our Devotion.

Enter Martilla.

Col. *Martilla*, how dost thou do, my Child?

Mart. As well as a losing Gamester can.

Col. Why, what have you lost?

Mart. I have lost you.

Col. How came you to lose me?

Mart. By losing my self.

Col. We can be Friends still.

Mart. Dull ones.

Col. Useful ones perhaps. Shall I help thee to a good Husband?

Mart. Not if I were rich enough to live without one.

Col. I'm sorry I am not rich enough to make thee so; but we won't talk of melancholly things. Who are these Folks your Aunt has got in her House?

Mart.

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Mart. One Sir *Francis Headpiece* and his Lady, with a Son and Daughter.

Col. Headpiece! Cotso, I know 'em a little. I met with 'em at a Race in the Country two Years since; a sort of Blockhead, is not he?

Mart. So they say.

Col. His Wife seem'd a mettled Gentlewoman, if she had had but a fair Field to range in.

Mart. That she won't want now, for they stay in Town the whole Winter.

Col. Oh that will do, to shew all her Parts in.

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

How do you do, my old Acquaintance?

Mrs. Moth. At your Service you know always, Colonel.

Col. I hear you have got good Company in the House.

Mrs. Moth. I hope it will prove so; he's a Parliament Man only Colonel, you know there's some danger in that.

Col. O, never fear, he'll pay his Landlady, tho' he don't pay his Butcher.

Mrs. Moth. His Wife's a clever Woman.

Col. So she is.

Mrs. Moth. How do you know?

Col. I have seen her in the Country, and I begin to think I'll visit her in Town.

Mrs. Moth. You begin to look like a Rogue.

Col. What, your wicked Fancies are stirring already?

Mrs. Moth. Yours are, or I'm mistaken. But — I'll have none of your Pranks play'd upon her.

Col. Why she's no Girl, she can defend her self.

Mrs. Moth. But what if she won't?

Col. Why then she can blame neither you nor me.

Mrs. Moth. You'll never be quiet 'till you get my Windows broke; but I must go and attend my Lodgers, so good Night.

Col. Do so, and give my Service to my Lady, and tell her, if she'll give me Leave, I'll do my self the Honour to-morrow

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to come and tender my Services to her, as long as she stays in Town.

If it ben't too long.

[*Aside.*

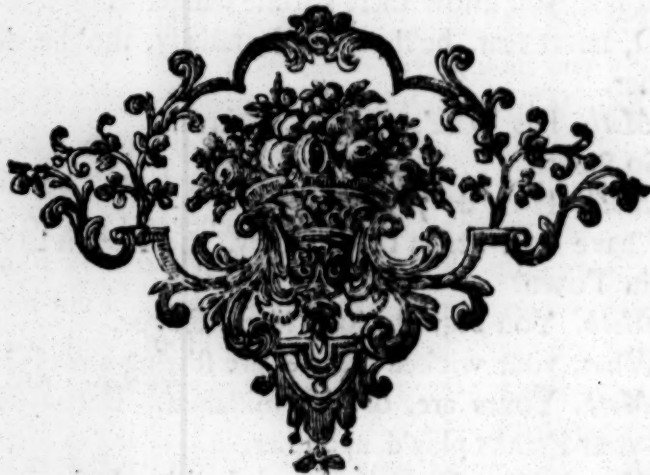
Mrs. Mosb. I'll tell her what a Devil you are, and advise her to have a care of you.

[*Exit.*

Col. Do, that will make her every time she sees me think of what I'd be at.

Dear *Martilla*, good Night; I know you won't be my Hindrance; I'll do you as good a Turn some time or other. Well, I am so glad, you don't love me too much.

Mart. When that's our Fate, as too too oft we prove,
How bitterly we pay the past Delights of Love.



Journey

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Lord Loverule's House.*

Enter Lord Loverule, and Lady Arabella. He following her.

Lady ARABELLA.

WELL, look you, my Lord, I can bear it no longer; nothing still but about my Faults, my Faults! an agreeable Subject truly!

Ld. Lov. But Madam, if you won't hear of your Faults, how is it likely you shou'd ever mend 'em?

La. Ara. Why I don't intend to mend 'em. I can't mend 'em, I have told you so a hundred times; you know I have try'd to do it, over and over, and it hurts me so, I can't bear it. Why, don't you know, my Lord, that whenever (just to please you only) I have gone about to wean my self from a Fault (one of my Faults I mean that I love dearly) han't it put me so out of Humour, you cou'd scarce endure the House with me?

Ld. Lov. Look you, my Dear, it is very true, that in weaning one's self from —

La. Ara. Weaning? why ay, don't you see, that ev'n in weaning poor Children from the Nurse, it's almost the Death of 'em? and don't you see your true Religious People, when they go about to wean themselves, and have solemn Days of Fasting and Praying, on purpose to help them, does it not so disorder them, there's no coming near 'em; are they not as cross as the Devil? and then they don't do the Business neither; for next Day their Faults are just where they were the Day before.

Ld.

Ld. Lov. But Madam, can you think it a Reasonable thing, to be abroad 'till Two a Clock in the Morning, when you know I go to Bed at Eleven?

La. Ara. And can you think it a Wise thing (to talk your own way now) and go to Bed at Eleven, when you know I am likely to disturb you by coming there at Three?

Ld. Lov. Well, the manner of Women's living of late is insupportable, and some way or other —

La. Ara. It's to be mended, I suppose — Pray, my Lord, one Word of fair Argument: You complain of my late Hours; I of your early ones; so far we are even, you'll allow: but which gives us the best Figure in the Eye of the polite World? my Two a Clock, speaks Life, Activity, Spirit, and Vigour; your Eleven has a Dull, Drowsy, Stupid, good-for-nothing Sound with it. It favours much of a Mechanick, who must get to Bed betimes, that he may rise early to open his Shop. Faugh!

Ld. Lov. I thought to go to Bed early and rise so, was ever esteemed a right Practice for all People.

La. Ara. Beasts do it.

Ld. Lov. Fy, fy, Madam, fy; but 'tis not your ill Hours alone disturb me; but the ill Company who occasion those ill Hours.

La. Ara. And pray what ill Company may those be?

Ld. Lov. Why, Women that lose their Money, and Men that win it: especially when 'tis to be paid, out of their Husbands Estate; or if that fail, and the Creditor be a little pressing, the Lady will perhaps be oblig'd to try, if the Gentleman instead of Gold will accept of a Trinket.

La. Ara. My Lord, you grow scurrilous, and you'll make me hate you. I'll have you to know I keep Company with the politest People in the Town, and the Assemblies I frequent are full of such.

Ld. Lov. So are the Churches now and then.

La. Ara. My Friends frequent them often, as well as the Assemblies.

Ld. Lov. They wou'd do it oftner, if a Groom of the Chamber there were allow'd to furnish Cards and Dice to the Company.

La.

A Journey to London.

23

La. Ara. You'd make a Woman mad.

Ld. Lov. You'd make a Man a Fool.

La. Ara. If Heav'n has made you otherwise, that won't be in my Power.

Ld. Lov. I'll try if I can prevent your making me a Beggar at least.

La. Ara. A Beggar! *Crasus!* I'm out of Patience—I won't come home 'till four to-morrow Morning.

Ld. Lov. I'll order the Doors to be lock'd at Twelve.

La. Ara. Then I won't come home 'till to-morrow Night.

Ld. Lov. Then you shall never come home again, Madam.

[*Exit.*

La. Ara. There he has knock'd me down: My Father upon our Marriage said, Wives were come to that pass, he did not think it fit they shou'd be trusted with Pin-money, and so wou'd not let this Man settle one Penny upon his poor Wife, to serve her at a dead Lift for separate Maintenance.

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. Good-morrow, Madam; how do you do to-day? you seem to be in a little fluster.

La. Ara. My Lord has been in one, and as I am the most complaisant poor Creature in the Wold, I put my self into one too, purely to be suitable Company to him.

Clar. You are prodigious good; but surely it must be mighty agreeable when a Man and his Wife can give themselves the same turn of Conversation.

La. Ara. O, the prettiest Thing in the World.

Clar. But yet, tho' I believe there's no Life so happy as a marry'd one, in the main; yet I fancy, where two People are so very much together, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

La. Ara. *Clarinda,* you are the most mistaken in the world; marry'd People have Things to talk of, Child, that never enter into the Imagination of others. Why now, here's my Lord and I, we han't been marry'd above two short Years you know, and

we

we have already eight or ten Things constantly in Bank, that whenever we want Company, we can talk of any one of them for two Hours together, and the Subject never the flatter. It will be as fresh next Day, if we have occasion for it, as it was the first Day it entertain'd us.

Clar. Why that must be wonderful pretty.

La. Ara. O, there's no Life like it. This very Day now, for Example, my Lord and I, after a pretty cheerful *tête à tête* Dinner, sat down by the Fire-side, in an idle, indolent, pick-tooth Way for a while, as if we had not thought of one another's being in the Room. At last (stretching himself, and yawning twice) My Dear, says he, you came home very late last Night. 'Twas but Two in the Morning, says I. I was in Bed (yawning) by Eleven, says he. So you are every Night, says I. Well, says he, I am amaz'd, how you can sit up so late. How can you be amaz'd, says I, at a Thing that happens so often? Upon which, we enter'd into Conversation. And tho' this is a Point has entertain'd us above fifty times already, we always find so many pretty new Things to say upon't, that I believe in my Soul it will last as long as we live.

Clar. But in such sort of Family Dialogues (tho' extremely well for passing of Time) don't there now and then enter some little witty sort of Bitterness?

La. Ara. O yes; which don't do amiss at all, a little something that's sharp, moderates the extream Sweetness of matrimonial Society, which wou'd else perhaps be cloying. Tho' to tell you the Truth, *Clarinda*, I think we squeezed a little too much Lemon into it, this Bout; for it grew so sour at last, that I think I almost told him he was a Fool; and he talkt something odly of turning me out of Doors.

Clar. O, but have a care of that.

La. Ara. Why, to be serious, *Clarinda*, what wou'd you have a Woman do in my Case? There is no one Thing he can do in this World to please me— Except giving me Money; and that he is growing weary of; and I at the same time (partly by Nature, and partly perhaps by keeping the best Company) do with my Soul love almost every Thing that he hates; I doat upon

Assem-

Assemblies, adore Masquerades, my Heart bounds at a Ball; I love Play to distraction, Cards enchant me, and Dice—put me out of my little Wits— Dear, dear Hazard, what Musick there is in the Rattle of the Dice, compared to a sleepy Opera! Do you ever play at Hazard, *Clarinda*?

Clar. Never; I don't think it fits well upon Women; it's very masculine, and has too much of a Rake; you see how it makes the Men swear and curse. Sure it must incline the Women to do the same too, if they durst give way to it.

La. Ara. So it does; but hitherto, for a little Decency, we keep it in; and when in spite of our Teeth, an Oath gets into our Mouths, we swallow it.

Clar. That's enough to burst you; but in time perhaps you'll let 'em fly as they do.

La. Ara. Why 'tis probable we may, for the Pleasure of all polite Women's Lives now, you know, is founded upon entire Liberty to do what they will. But shall I tell you what happen'd t'other Night? Having lost all my Money but ten melancholy Guineas, and throwing out for them, what do you think slip't from me?

Clar. An Oath?

La. Ara. Gud soons!

Clar. O Lord! O Lord! did not it frighten you out of your Wits?

La. Ara. *Clarinda*, I thought a Gun had gone off.—But I forget, you are a Prude, and design to live soberly.

Clar. Why 'tis true; both my Nature and my Education, do in a good degree incline me that Way.

La. Ara. Well, surely to be sober is to be terribly dull: You will marry, won't you?

Clar. I can't tell but I may.

La. Ara. And you'll live in Town?

Clar. Half the Year, I shou'd like it very well.

La. Ara. And you wou'd live in London half a Year, to be sober in it?

Clar. Yes.

La. Ara. Why can't you as well go and be sober in the Country?

Clar. So I wou'd the t'other half Year.

La. Ara. And pray what pretty Scheme of Life wou'd you form now, for your Summer and Winter sober Entertainments?

Clar. A Scheme that, I think, might very well content us.

La. Ara. Let's hear it.

Clar. I cou'd in Summer, pass my Time very agreeably, in riding soberly, in walking soberly, in sitting under a Tree soberly, in Gardening soberly, in reading soberly, in hearing a little Musick soberly, in conversing with some agreeable Friends soberly, in working soberly, in managing my Family and Children (If I had any) soberly, and possibly by these means I might induce my Husband to be as sober as my self.

La. Ara. Well *Clarinda*, thou art a most contemptible Creature. But let's have the sober Town Scheme too, for I am charm'd with the Country one.

Clar. You shall, and I'll try to stick to my Sobriety there too.

La. Ara. If you do, you'll make me sick of you. But let's hear it however.

Clar. I would entertain my self in observing the new Fashions soberly, I would please my self in new Cloaths soberly, I wou'd divert my self with agreeable Friends at Home and Abroad soberly. I would play at Quadrille soberly, I wou'd go to Court soberly, I would go to some Plays soberly, I would go to Operas soberly, and I think I cou'd go once, or, if I lik'd my Company, twice to a Masquerade soberly.

La. Ara. If it had not been for that last Piece of Sobriety, I was going to call for some Surfeit-water.

Clar. Why don't you think, that with the further Aid of breakfasting, dining, supping, and sleeping (not to say a word of Devotion) the four and twenty Hours might rowl over, in a tolerable manner?

La. Ara. How I detest that Word, Tolerable! And so will a Country Relation of ours, that's newly come to Town, or I'm mistaken.

Clar. Who is that?

La. Ara.

La. Ara. Even my dear *Lady Headpiece*.

Clar. Is she come?

La. Ara. Yes, her Sort of a tolerable Husband has gotten to be chosen Parliament-Man at some simple Town or other, upon which she has persuaded him to bring her and her Folks up to *London*.

Clar. That's Good; I think she was never here before.

La. Ara. Not since she was nine years old; but she has had an outrageous Mind to it ever since she was marry'd.

Clar. Then she'll make the most of it I suppose, now she is come.

La. Ara. Depend upon that.

Clar. We must go and visit her.

La. Ara. By all means; and may be you'll have a Mind to offer her your Tolerable Scheme for her *London* Diversion this Winter; if you do Mistress, I'll shew her mine too, and you shall see, she'll so despise you and adore me, that if I do but chirrup to her, she'll hop after me like a tame Sparrow, the Town round. But there's your Admirer I see coming in, I'll oblige him, and leave you to receive Part of his Visit, while I step up to write a Letter. Besides, to tell you the Truth, I don't like him half so well as I us'd to do: he falls off of late from being the Company he was, in our way. In short, I think he's growing to be a little like my Lord.

[Exit.

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. Madam, your Servant; they told me *Lady Arabella* was here.

Clar. She's only step'd up to write a Letter, she'll come down presently.

Sir Charles. Why, does she write Letters? I thought she had never Time for't: pray how may she have disposed of the rest of the Day?

Clar. A good deal as usual; she has Visits to make 'till six; she's then engag'd to the Play; from that 'till Court-time, she's to be at Cards at Mrs. *Idle's*; after the Drawing-room, she takes

a short Supper with Lady Hazard, and from thence they go together to the Assembly.

Sir Charles. And are you to do all this with her?

Clar. The Visits and the Play, no more.

Sir Charles. And how can you forbear all the rest?

Clar. 'Tis easy to forbear, what we are not very fond of.

Sir Charles. I han't found it so. I have past much of my Life in this hurry of the Ladies, yet was never so pleas'd, as when I was at quiet without 'em.

Clar. What then induced you to be with 'em?

Sir Charles. Idleness, and the Fashion.

Clar. No Mistresses in the case?

Sir Charles. To speak honestly, yes. When one is in a Toy-shop, there was no forbearing the Bawbles; so I was perpetually engaging with some Coquett or other, whom I cou'd love perhaps just enough, to put it into her Power to plague me.

Clar. Which Power I suppose she sometimes made use of.

Sir Charles. The Amours of a Coquet, Madam, generally mean nothing farther; I look upon them and Prudes to be Nunsances much alike, tho' they seem very different; the first are always disturbing the Men, and the latter always abusing the Women.

Clar. And all I think is to establish the Character of being virtuous.

Sir Charles. That is, being chaste they mean, for they know no other Virtue; therefore indulge themselves in every Thing else that's vicious; they (against Nature) keep their Chastity, only because they find more Pleasure in doing Mischief with it, than they shou'd have in parting with it. But Madam, if both these Characters are so odious, how highly to be valued is that Woman, who can attain all they aim at, without the Aid of the Folly or Vice of either?

Enter Lady Arabella.

La. Ara. Your Servant, Sir. I won't ask your Pardon for leaving you alone a little with a Lady that I know shares so much of your good Opinion.

Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. I wish, Madam, she cou'd think my good Opinion of Value enough, to afford me a small Part in hers.

La. Ara. I believe, Sir, every Woman who knows she has place in a fine Gentleman's good Opinion, will be glad to give him one in hers, if she can. But however you two may stand in one another's, you must take another Time, if you desire to talk farther about it, or we shan't have enough to make our Visits in; and so your Servant, Sir. *Come Clarinda.*

Sir Charles. I'll stay and make my Lord a Visit, if you will give me leave.

La. Ara. You have my Leave, Sir, tho' you were a Lady. [Exit with Clar.]

Enter Lord Loverule.

Ld. Lov. *Sir Charles,* your Servant; what, have the Ladies left you?

Sir Charles. Yes, and the Ladies in general I hope will leave me too.

Ld. Lov. Why so?

Sir Charles. That I mayn't be put to the ill Manners of leaving them first.

Ld. Lov. Do you then already find your Gallantry inclining to an Ebb?

Sir Charles. 'Tis not that I am yet old enough to justify myself in an idle Retreat, but I have got, I think, a sort of Surfeit on me, that lessens much the Force of female Charms.

Ld. Lov. Have you then been so glutted with their Favours?

Sir Charles. Not with their Favours, but with their Service; it is unmerciful. I once thought my self a tolerable Time-killer; I drank, I play'd, I intrigu'd, and yet I had Hours enow for reasonable Uses; but he that will list himself a Lady's Man of Mettle now, she'll work him so at Cards and Dice, she won't afford him time enough to play with her at any thing else, tho' she her self should have a tolerable good Mind to it.

Ld. Lov. And so the disorderly Lives they lead, make you incline to a Reform of your own.

Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. 'Tis true; for bad Examples (if they are but bad enough) give us as useful Reflections as good ones do.

Ld. Lov. 'Tis pity any Thing that's bad, shou'd come from Women.

Sir Charles. 'Tis so indeed, and there was a happy time, when both you and I thought there never cou'd.

Ld. Lov. Our early first Conceptions of them, I well remember were, that they never cou'd be vicious, nor never cou'd be old.

Sir Charles. We thought so then; the beauteous Form we saw them cast in seem'd design'd a Habitation for no Vice, nor no Decay; all I had conceived of Angels, I conceived of them true, tender, gentle, modest, generous, constant, I thought was writ in every Feature; and in my Devotions, Heav'n, how did I adore thee, that Blessings like them shou'd be the Portion of such poor inferior Creatures, as I took my self, and all Men else (compar'd with them) to be — but where's that Adoration now?

Ld. Lov. 'Tis with such fond young Fools as you and I were then.

Sir Charles. And with such it ever will be.

Ld. Lov. Ever. The Pleasure is so great, in believing Women to be, what we wish them; that nothing but a long and sharp Experience can ever make us think them otherwise. That Experience, Friend, both you and I have had; but yours has been at other Men's Expence; mine -- at my own.

Sir Charles. Perhaps you'd wonder, shou'd you find me dispos'd to run the Risque of that Experience too.

Ld. Lov. I shou'd indeed.

Sir Charles. And yet 'tis possible I may; know at least, I still have so much of my early Folly left, to think, there's yet one Woman fit to make a Wife of: How far such a one can answer the Charms of a Mistress; marry'd Men are silent in, so pass — for that, I'd take my Chance; but cou'd she make a Home easy to her Partner, by letting him find there a cheerful Companion, an agreeable Intimate, a useful Assistant, a faithful Friend, and (in it's Time perhaps) a tender Mother, such change of Life, from what I lead, seems not unwise to think of.

Ld. Lov.

Ld. Lov. Not unwise to purchase, if to be had for Millions; but—

Sir Charles. But what?

Ld. Lov. If the reverse of this shou'd chance to be the bitter Disappointment, what wou'd the Life be then?

Sir Charles. A damn'd one.

Ld. Lov. And what Relief?

Sir Charles. A short one; leave it, and return to that you left, if you can't find a better.

Ld. Lov. He says right— that's the Remedy, and a just one— for if I sell my Liberty for Gold, and I am foully paid in Brass, shall I be held to keep the Bargain? [Aside.

Sir Charles. What are you thinking of?

Ld. Lov. Of what you have said.

Sir Charles. And was it well said?

Ld. Lov. I begin to think it might.

Sir Charles. Think on, 'twill give you Ease— the Man who has Courage enough to part with a Wife, need not much dread the having one; and he that has not ought to tremble at being a Husband— But perhaps I have said too much; you'll pardon however the Freedom of an old Friend, because you know I am so; so your Servant. [Exit.

Ld. Lov. Charles farewell, I can take nothing as ill meant that comes from you.

Nor ought my Wife to think I mean amiss to her; if I convince her I'll endure no longer that she should thus expose her self and me. No doubt 'twill grieve her sorely. Physick's a loathsome Thing, till we find it gives us Health, and then we are thankful to those who made us take it. Perhaps she may do so by me, if she does 'tis well; if not, and she resolves to make the House ring with Reprisals; I believe (tho' the Misfortune's great) he'll make a better Figure in the World, who keeps an ill Wife out of Doors, than he that keeps her within.

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lady Headpiece and Mrs. Motherly.

Lady HEADPIECE.

SO, you are acquainted with Lady *Arabella*, I find.

Mrs. Moth. Oh Madam, I have had the Honour to know her Ladyship almost from a Child, and a charming Woman she has made.

La. Head. I like her prodigiously; I had some Acquaintance with her in the Country two years ago; but she's quite another Woman here.

Mrs. Moth. Ah Madam, two Years keeping Company with the polite People of the Town will do Wonders in the Improvement of a Lady, so she has it but about her.

La. Head. Now 'tis my Misfortune, *Mrs. Motherly*, to come late to School.

Mrs. Moth. Oh! don't be discouraged at that Madam, the Quickness of your Ladyship's Parts will easily recover your Loss of a little Time.

La. Head. O! You flatter me! But I'll endeavour by Industry and Application to make it up; such Parts as I have shall not lye idle. My Lady *Arabella* has been so good, to offer me already her Introduction, to those Assemblies, where a Woman may soonest learn to make herself valuable to every Body.

Mrs. Moth. But her Husband.

[*Aside.*

Her Ladyship, Madam, can indeed, better than any Body, introduce you, where every Thing, that accomplishes a fine Lady, is practised, to the last Perfection; Madam, she her self is at the very Tip Top of it— 'tis pity, poor Lady, she shou'd meet with any Discouragements.

La. Head.

La. Head. Discouragements! from whence pray?

Mrs. Mosb. From Home sometimes — my Lord a —

La. Head. What does he do?

Mrs. Mosb. But one thing, the sale of People of Qualities Family-Concerns.

La. Head. O, no matter, *Mrs. Mosberly*, as long as it goes no farther. My Lord, you were saying —

Mrs. Mosb. Why, my Lord, Madam, is a little humour-some, they say.

La. Head. Humour-some?

Mrs. Mosb. Yes, they say he's humour-some.

La. Head. As how, pray?

Mrs. Mosb. Why, if my poor Lady perhaps does but stay out at Night, may be four or five Hours after he's in Bed, he'll be cross.

La. Head. What, for such a thing as that?

Mrs. Mosb. Yes, he'll be cross; and then, if she happens, it may be, to be unfortunate at Play, and lose a great deal of Money, more than she has to pay, then Madam, — he'll snub.

La. Head. Out upon him, snub such a Woman as she is? I can tell you, *Mrs. Mosberly*, I that am but a Country Lady, shou'd Sir Francis take upon him to snub me, in London, he'd raise a Spirit wou'd make his Hair stand an end.

Mrs. Mosb. Really Madam, that's the only way to deal with 'em.

Enter Miss Betty.

And here comes pretty *Miss Betty*, that I believe will never be made a Fool of, when she's marry'd.

Miss Betty. No, by my Troth won't I. What, are you talking of my being marry'd, Mother?

La. Head. No, Miss; *Mrs. Mosberly* was only saying what a good Wife you wou'd make, when you were so.

Miss Betty. The sooner it's try'd, Mother, the sooner it will be known. Lord, here's the Colonel, Madam.

E

Enter

Enter Colonel.

La. Head. Colonel, your Servant.

Miss Betty. Your Servant, Colonel.

Col. Ladies, your most obedient — I hope, Madam, the Town Air continues to agree with you?

La. Head. Mighty well, Sir.

Miss Betty. Oh prodigious well, Sir. We have bought a new Coach, and an Ocean of new Cloaths, and we are to go to the Play to-night, and to-morrow we go to the Opera, and next Night we go to the Assembly, and then the next Night after, we —

La. Head. Softly, Miss ... Do you go to the Play to-night, Colonel?

Col. I did not design it, Madam; but now I find there is to be such good Company, I'll do my self the Honour (if you'll give me leave Ladies) to come and lead you to your Coach.

La. Head. It's extremely obliging.

Miss Betty. It is indeed mighty well-bred.

Lord Colonel, what a difference there is, between your way, and our Country Companions; one of them wou'd have said, What, you are aw going to the Playhouse then? Yes, says we, won't you come and lead us out? No, by good Feggings, says he, ye ma' e'en ta' Care o' your fells, y' are awd enough; and so he'd ha' gone to get drunk at the Tavern against we came Home to Supper.

Mrs. Motb. Ha, ha, ha! well, sure Madam, your Ladyship is the happiest Mother in the World to have such a charming Companion to your Daughter.

Col. The prettiest Creature upon Earth!

Miss Betty. D'ye hear that, Mother? Well, he's a fine Gentleman really, and I think a Man of admirable Sense.

La. Head. Softly Miss, he'll hear you.

Miss Betty. If he does, Madam, he'll think I say true, and he'll like me never the worfe for that, I hope.

Where's

Where's your Neice *Martilla*, Mrs. *Motherly*? Mama, won't you carry *Martilla* to the Play with us?

La. Head. With all my Heart, Child.

Col. She's a very pretty civil sort of Woman, Madam, and Miss will be very happy in having such a Companion in the House with her.

Miss Betty. So I shall indeed, Sir, and I love her dearly already, we are growing very great together.

La. Head. But what's become of your Brother, Child? I han't seen him these two Hours, where is he?

Miss Betty. Indeed, Mother, I don't know where he is; I saw him asleep about half an Hour ago by the Kitchen Fire.

Col. Must not he go to the Play too?

La. Head. Yes, I think he shou'd go, tho' he'll be weary on't, before it's half done.

Miss Betty. Weary? yes, and then he'll sit, and yawn, and stretch like a Greyhound by the Fire-side, 'till he does some nasty thing or other, that they'll turn him out of the House, so it's better to leave him at Home.

Mrs. Moth. O, that were pity, Miss. Plays will enliven him — see, here he comes, and my Neice with him.

Enter Squire Humphry and Martilla.

Col. Your Servant, Sir; you come in good time, the Ladies are all going to the Play, and wanted you to help Gallant them

Squire Hump. And so 'rwill be Nine a Clock, before one shall get ony Supper.

Miss Betty. Supper! why your Dinner is not out of your Mouth yet, at least 'tis all about the Brims of it. See how greasy his Chops is, Mother.

La. Head. Nay, if he han't a Mind to go, he need not. You may stay here 'till your Father comes home from the Parliament House, and then you may eat a broil'd Bone together.

Miss Betty. Yes, and drink a Tankard of Strong Beer together, and then he may tell you all he has been doing in the Parliament House, and you may tell him all you have been think-

ing of when you were asleep, in the Kitchen; and then if you'll put it all down in Writing, when we come from the Play, I'll read it to the Company.

Squire Hump. Sister, I don't like your Joking, and you are not a well-behav'd young Woman; and altho' my Mother encourages you, my Thoughts are, you are not too big to be whipt.

Miss Betty. How, Sirrah?

Squire Hump. There's a civil young Gentlewoman stands there, is worth a hundred of you. And I believe she'll be marry'd before you.

Miss Betty. Cots my Life, I have a good Mind to pull your Eyes out.

La. Head. Hold, Miss, hold, don't be in such a Passion neither.

Miss Betty. Mama, it is not that I am angry at any thing he says to commend *Martilla*, for I wish she were to be marry'd to-morrow, that I might have a Dance at her Wedding; but what need he abuse me for?

I wish the Lout had Mettle enough to be in Love with her, she'd make pure Sport with him. [*Aside.*]

Does your Heaviness find any Inclinations moving towards the Lady you admire — speak! are you in Love with her?

Squire Hump. I am in Love with no Body; and if any Body be in Love with me, mayhap they had as good be quiet.

Miss Betty. Hold your Tongue, I'm quite sick of you.

Come, *Martylla*, you are to go to the Play with us.

Mart. Am I, Miss? I am ready to wait upon you.

La. Head. I believe it's time we shou'd be going, Colonel, is not it?

Col. Yes, Madam, I believe it is.

La. Head. Come then; who is there?

Enter Servant.

Is the Coach at the Door?

Serv. Is has been there this hafe Haur, so please your Ladyship.

Miss

Miss Betty. And are all the People in the Street gazing at it, Tom?

Serv. That are they, Madam; and Roger has drank so much of his own Beveridge, that he's e'en as it were gotten a little drunk.

La. Head. Not so drunk, I hope, but that he can drive us?

Serv. Yes, yes, Madam, he drives best when he's a little upish. When Roger's Head turns, raund go the Wheels, i'faith.

Miss Betty. Never fear, Mama, as long as it's to the Play-house, there's no Danger.

La. Head. Well, Daughter, since you are so courageous, it shan't be said I make any Difficulty; and if the Colonel is so Gallant, to have a Mind to share our Danger, we have room for him, if he pleases.

Col. Madam, you do me a great deal of Honour, and I'm sure you give me a great deal of Pleasure.

Miss Betty. Come, dear Mama, away we go.

[*Ex. all but Squire, Martilla and Mrs. Motherly.*]

Squire Hump. I did not think you wou'd have gone.

[*To Martilla.*]

Mart. O, I love a Play dearly.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Moth. I wonder, Squire, that you wou'd not go to the Play with 'em.

Squire Hump. What needed Martilla have gone? they were enow without her.

Mrs. Moth. O, she was glad to go to divert her self; and besides, my Lady desir'd her to go with them.

Squire Hump. And so I am left alone.

Mrs. Moth. Why, shou'd you have car'd for her Company?

Squire Hump. Rather than none.

Mrs. Moth. On my Conscience, he's ready to cry; this is Matter to think of; but here comes Sir Francis. [*Aside.*]

Enter Sir Francis.

How do you do, Sir? I'm afraid these late Parliament Hours won't agree with you.

Sir

Sir Fran. Indeed, I like them not, *Mrs. Motherly*; if they wou'd dine at twelve a Clock, as we do in the Country, a Man might be able to drink a reasonable Bottle between that and Supper-time.

Mrs. Moth. That wou'd be much better indeed, *Sir Francis*,

Sir Fran. But then when we consider that what we undergo, is in being busy for the Good of our Country—O, the Good of our Country is, above all Things; what a Noble and Glorious Thing it is *Mrs. Motherly*, that *England* can boast of five hundred zealous Gentlemen, all in one Room, all of one Mind, upon a fair Occasion, to go all together by the Ears for the Good of their Country—*Humphry*, perhaps you'll be a Senator in time, as your Father is now; when you are, remember your Country; Spare nothing for the Good of your Country; and when you come Home, at the end of the Sessions, you will find your self so ador'd, that your Country will come and dine with you every Day in the Week.

O, here's my Uncle *Richard*.

Enter Uncle Richard.

Mrs. Moth. I think, *Sir*, I had best get you a Mouthful of something to stay your Stomach 'till Supper. [Exit.

Sir Fran. With all my Heart, for I'm almost famisht.

Squire Hump. And so shall I before my Mother comes from the Play-house, so I'll go get a butter'd Toast. [Exit.

Sir Fran. Uncle, I hope you are well.

Unc. Rich. Nephew, if I had been Sick, I would not have come abroad; I suppose you are well, for I sent this Morning, and was inform'd you went out early; was it to make your Court to some of the Great Men?

Sir Fran. Yes Uncle, I was advis'd to lose no time, so I went to one Great Man, whom I had never seen before.

Unc. Rich. And who had you got to introduce you?

Sir Fran. No body; I remember'd I had heard a wise Man say, My Son, be bold; so I introduc'd my self.

Unc. Rich. As how, I pray?

Sir Fran,

Sir Fran. Why thus, Uncle ; Please your Lordship, says I, I am *Sir Francis Headpiece*, of *Headpiece-hall*, and Member of Parliament for the Ancient Borough of *Gobble-Guiney*. Sir, your humble Servant, says my Lord, tho' I have not the Honour to know your Person, I have heard you are a very honest Gentleman, and I am very glad your Borough has made choice of so Worthy a Representative ; have you any Service to Command me ? Those last Words, Uncle, gave me great Encouragement ; and tho' I know you have not any very great Opinion of my Parts, I believe you won't say I miss it now.

Unc. Rich. I hope I shall have no Cause.

Sir Fran. My Lord, says I, I did not design to say any thing to your Lordship to-day, about Business ; but since your Lordship is so kind and free, as to bid me speak if I have any Service to Command you, I will.

Unc. Rich. So.

Sir Fran. I have, says I, my Lord, a good Estate, but it's a little out at Elbows, and as I desire to serve my King, as well as my Country, I shall be very willing to accept of a Place at Court.

Unc. Rich. This was bold indeed.

Sir Fran. P'cod, I shot him flying, Uncle ; another Man wou'd have been a Month before he durst have open'd his Mouth about a Place. But you shall hear. *Sir Francis*, says my Lord, what sort of a Place may you have turn'd your Thoughts upon ? My Lord, says I, Beggars must not be Chusers ; but some Place about a thousand a Year, I believe, might do pretty weel to begin with. *Sir Francis*, says he, I shall be glad to serve you in any thing I can ; and in saying these Words he gave me a Squeeze by the Hand, as much as to say, I'll do your Business. And so he turn'd to a Lord that was there, who lookt as if he came for a Place too.

Unc. Rich. And so your Fortune's made.

Sir Fran. Don't you think so, Uncle ?

Unc. Rich. Yes, for just so mine was made—twenty Years ago.

Sir Fran. Why, I never knew you had a Place, Uncle.

Unc. Rich.

Unc. Rich. Nor I neither upon my Faith, Nephew: but you have been down at the House since you made your Court, have not you?

Sir Fran. O yes; I wou'd not neglect the House, for ever so much.

Unc. Rich. And what may they have done there To-day, I pray?

Sir Fran. Why truly, Uncle, I cannot well tell what they did, but I'll tell you what I did. I happen'd to make a little sort of a Mistake.

Unc. Rich. How was that?

Sir Fran. Why you must know, Uncle, they were all got into a sort of a hodge-podge Argument for the Good of the Nation, which I did not well understand; however, I was convinc'd, and so resolv'd to Vote aright, according to my Conscience; but they made such a puzzling Business on't, when they put the Question, as they call it, that, I believe, I cry'd Ay, when I shou'd have cry'd No; for a sort of a *Jacobite* that sat next me, took me by the Hand, and said, Sir, You are a Man of Honour, and a true *Englishman*, and I shou'd be glad to be better acquainted with you, and so he pull'd me along with the Crowd into the Lobby with him, when, I believe, I shou'd have stay'd where I was.

Unc. Rich. And so, if you had not quite made your Fortune before, you have clencht it now.

Ah thou Head of the *Headpieces*!

[*Aside.*

How now, what's the Matter here?

Enter Lady Headpiece, &c. in Disorder, some dirty, some lame, some bloody.

Sir Fran. Mercy on us! they are all kill'd.

Miss Betty. Not for a thousand Pounds; but we have been all down in the Dirt together.

La. Head. We have had a sad Piece of work on't, Sir *Francis*, overturn'd in the Channel, as we were going to the Play-house.

Miss Betty.

A Journey to London.

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Miss Betty. Over and over, Papa; had it been coming from the Play-house I shou'd not have car'd a Farthing.

Sir Fran. But Child you are hurt, your Face is all bloody.

Miss Betty. O Sir, my new Gown is all dirty.

La. Head. The new Coach is all spoil'd.

Miss Betty. The Glasses are all to bits.

La. Head. Roger has put out his Arm.

Miss Betty. Wou'd he had put out his Neck, for making us lose the Play.

Squire Hump. Poor *Martilla* has scratch'd her little Finger.

La. Head. And here's the Poor Colonel; no body asks what he has done. I hope, Sir, you have got no harm?

Col. Court. Only a little wounded with some Pins I met with about your Ladyship.

La. Head. I am sorry any thing about me should do you harm.

Col. Court. If it does, Madam, you have that about you, if you please, will be my Cure: I hope your Ladyship feels nothing amiss?

La. Head. Nothing at all, tho' we did rowl about together strangely.

Col. Court. We did indeed. I'm sure we rowl'd so, that my poor Hands were got once—I don't know where they were got. But her Ladyship I see will pass by Slips.

Sir Fran. It wou'd have been pity the Colonel shou'd have receiv'd any Damage in his Services to the Ladies; he is the most complaisant Man to 'em, Uncle; always ready when they have occasion for him.

Unc. Rich. Then I believe, Nephew, they'll never let him want Businefs.

Sir Fran. O, but they shou'd not ride the free Horse to death neither. Come Colonel, you'll stay and drink a Bottle, and eat a little Supper with us, after your Misfortune?

Col. Court. Sir, since I have been prevented from attending the Ladies to the Play, I shall be very proud to obey their Commands here at home.

Sir Fran. A prodigious civil Gentleman, Uncle; and yet as bold as *Alexander* upon Occasion.

F

Unc. Rich.

A Journey to London.

Unc. Rich. Upon a Lady's Oecasion.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, you are a Wag, Uncle; but I believe he'd storm any thing.

Unc. Rich. Then I believe your Citadel may be in Danger.

[*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Uncle, won't you break your Rule for once, and sup from Home?

Unc. Rich. The Company will excuse me, Nephew, they'll be freer without me; so good Night to them and you.

La. Head. Good Night to you, Sir, since you won't stay. Come Colonel.

Unc. Rich. Methinks this facetious Colonel is got upon a pretty, familiar, easy foot already with the l'amily of the *Head-pieces*—hum.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit.*

Sir Fran. Come, my Lady, let's all in, and pass the Evening cheerfully. And d'ye hear, Wife—a Word in your Ear—I have got a Promise of a Place at Court, of a thousand a Year, he, hem.



A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Lady Arabella, as just up, walking pensively to her Toilet, follow'd by Trusty.

Lady ARABELLA.

WELL, sure never Woman had such Luck—these devilish Dice!—Sit up all Night; lose all one's Money, and then—how like a Hag I look.

[Sits at her Toilet, turning her Purse inside out.]

Not a Guinea—worth less by a hundred Pounds than I was at one a Clock this Morning—and then—I was worth nothing—what is to be done, *Trusty*?

Truf. I wish I were wise enough to tell you, Madam: but if there comes in any good Company to Breakfast with your Ladyship, perhaps you may have a Run of better Fortune.

La. Ara. But I han't a Guinea to try my Fortune—let me see—who was that impertinent Man, that was so sawcy last Week about Money, that I was forc'd to promise, once more, he shou'd have what I ow'd him this Morning?

Truf. O, I remember, Madam; it was your old Mercer *Short-yard*, that you turn'd off a Year ago, because he would trust you no longer.

La. Ara. That's true; and I think I bid the Steward keep thirty Guineas out of some Money he was paying me, to stop his odious Mouth.

Truf. Your Ladyship did so.

La. Ara. Pr'ythee, *Trusty*, run and see whether the Wretch has got the Money yet; if not, tell the Steward, I have occasion for it my self; run quickly. *[Trusty runs to the Door.]*

Truf. Ah, Madam, he's just a paying it away now, in the Hall.

La. Ara. Stop him! quick, quick, dear *Trusty*.

Truf. Hem, hem, Mr. *Moneybag*, a Word with you quickly.

Mon. within. I'll come presently.

Truf. Presently won't do, you must come this Moment.

Mon. I'm but just paying a little Money.

Truf. Cods my Life, paying Money? is the Man distracted? Come here, I tell you, to my Lady this Moment, quick.

[*Moneybag comes to the Door with a Purse in's Hand.*

My Lady says, you must not pay the Money to-day, there's a Mistake in the Account, which she must examine; and she's afraid too there was a false Guinea or two left in the Purse, which might disgrace her.

[*Twitches the Purse from him.*

But she's too busy to look for 'em just now, so you must bid Mr. What-d'ye-call-'em come another time.

There they are, Madam. [*Gives her the Money.*

The poor Things were so near gone, they made me tremble; I fancy your Ladyship will give me one of those false Guineas for good Luck.

[*Takes a Guinea.*

Thank you, Madam.

La. Ara. Why, I did not bid you take it.

Truf. No, but your Ladyship lookt as if you were just going to bid me, so I took it to save your Ladyship the Trouble of Speaking.

La. Ara. Well, for once—but hark—I think I hear the Man making a Noise yonder.

Truf. Nay, I don't expect he'll go out of the House quietly. I'll listen.

[*Goes to the Door.*

La. Ara. Do.

Truf. He's in a bitter Passion with poor *Moneybag*; I believe he'll beat him—Lord, how he swears!

La. Ara. And a sober Citizen too! that's a Shame.

Truf. He says, he will speak with you, Madam, tho' the Devil held your Door—Lord! he's coming hither full drive, but I'll lock him out.

La. Ara. No Matter, let him come: I'll reason with him.

Truf. But he's a sawcy Fellow for all that.

Enter

Enter Short-yard.

What wou'd you have, Sir?

Short. I wou'd have my Due, Mistrefs.

Truf. That wou'd be-- to be well cudgell'd, Master, for coming fo familiarly, where you shou'd not come.

La. Ara. Do you think you do well, Sir, to intrude into my Dressing-room?

Short. Madam, I sold my Goods to you in your Dressing-room, I don't know why I mayn't ask for my Money there.

La. Ara. You are very short, Sir.

Short. Your Ladyship won't complain of my Patience being fo?

La. Ara. I complain of nothing, that ought not to be complain'd of; but I hate ill Manners.

Short. So do I, Madam— but this is the Seventeenth time I have been order'd to come, with good Manners, for my Money, to no Purpose.

La. Ara. Your Money, Man! Is that the Matter? Why it has layn in the Steward's Hands this Week for you.

Short. Madam, you yourself appointed me to come this very Morning for it.

La. Ara. But why did you come fo late then?

Short. So late! I came soon enough, I thought.

La. Ara. That thinking wrong, makes us liable to a world of Disappointments; if you had thought of coming one Minute sooner, you had had your Money.

Short. Gad blefs me, Madam; I had the Money as I thought, I'm sure it was telling out, and I was writing a Receipt for't.

Truf. Why there you thought wrong again, Master.

La. Ara. Yes, for you shou'd never think of writing a Receipt 'till the Money is in your Pocket.

Short. Why I did think 'twas in my Pocket.

Truf. Look you, thinking again! Indeed Mr. *Short-yard*, you make fo many Blunders, 'tis impossible but you must suffer by it, in your Way of Trade. I'm sorry for you, and you'll be undone.

Short.

Short. And well I may, when I sell my Goods to People that won't pay me for 'em, 'till the Interest of my Money eats out all my Profit: I sold them so cheap, because I thought I shou'd be paid the next Day.

Truf. Why there again! there's another of your Thoughts; paid the next day, and you han't been paid this Twelvemonth, you see.

Short. Oons, I han't been paid at all, Mistrefs.

La. Ara. Well, Tradesmen are strange unreasonable Creatures, refuse to sell People any more Things, and then quarrel with 'em because they don't pay for those they have had already.

Now what can you say to that, Mr. *Short-yard*?

Short. Say! Why—— 'Sdeath Madam, I don't know what you talk of, I don't understand your Argument.

La. Ara. Why what do you understand, Man?

Short. Why I understand that I have had above a Hundred Pounds due to me, a Year ago; that I came by Appointment just now to receive it; that it prov'd at last to be but Thirty instead of a Hundred and Ten; and that while the Steward was telling ev'n that out, and I was writing the Receipt, comes Mrs. *Pop* here, and the Money was gone. But I'll be banter'd no longer if there's Law in *England*. Say no more, *Short-yard*.

[*Exit.*

Truf. What a Passion the poor Devil's in?

La. Ara. Why truly one can't deny but he has some present Cause for a little ill Humour; but when one has Things of so much greater Consequence on foot, one can't trouble ones self about making such Creatures easy; so call for Breakfast, *Trusty*, and set the Hazard-Table ready, if there comes no Company I'll play a little by my self.

Enter Lord Loverule.

Ld. Lov. Pray what Offence, Madam, have you given to a Man I met with just now as I came in?

La. Ara. People who are apt to take Offence, do it for small Matters, you know.

Ld. Lov'

Ld. Lov. I shall be glad to find this so; but he says you have ow'd him above a Hundred Pounds this Twelvemonth; that he has been here forty Times by Appointment for it, to no Purpose; and that coming here this Morning upon positive Assurance from your self, he was trickt out of the Money, while he was writing a Receipt for it, and sent away without a Farthing.

La. Ara. Lord, how these Shop-keepers will lye!

Ld. Lov. What then is the Business? For some Ground the Man must have to be in such a Passion.

La. Ara. I believe you'll rather wonder to see me so calm, when I tell you, he had the Insolence to intrude into my very Dressing-room here, with a Story without Head or Tail; you know, *Trusty*, we cou'd not understand one Word he said, but when he swore—— Good Lord! how the Wretch did swear!

Truf. I never heard the like, for my Part.

Ld. Lov. And all this for nothing?

La. Ara. So it prov'd, my Lord, for he got nothing by it.

Ld. Lov. His Swearing I suppose was for his Money, Madam. who can blame him?

La. Ara. If he swore for Money, he shou'd be put in the Pillory.

Ld. Lov. Madam, I won't be banter'd, nor sued by this Man for your Extravagancies: Do you owe him the Money or not?

La. Ara. He says I do, but such Fellows will say any thing.

Ld. Lov. Provoking! [*Aside.*

Did not I desire an Account from you, of all your Debts, but six Months since, and give you Money to clear them?

La. Ara. My Lord, you can't imagine how Accounts make my Head ake.

Ld. Lov. That won't do: The Steward gave you two Hundred Pounds besides, but last Week; where's that?

La. Ara. Gone.

Ld. Lov. Gone! Where?

La. Ara. Half the Town over I believe by this time.

Ld. Lov. Madam, Madam, this can be endur'd no longer, and before a Month passes expect to find me——

La. Ara. Hist my Lord, here's Company.

Enter

Enter Capt. Toupee.

Capt. Toupee, your Servant: what, no Body with you? do you come quite alone?

Capt. Slife, I thought to find Company enough here.
My Lord, your Servant.

What a duce, you look as if you had been up all Night. I'm sure I was in Bed but three Hours; I wou'd you'd give me some Coffee.

La. Ara. Some Coffee there; Tea too, and Chocolate.

Capt. [*Singing a Minuet and dancing.*] Well, what a strange Fellow am I to be thus brisk, after losing all my Money last Night—but upon my Soul you look sadly.

La. Ara. No Matter for that, if you'll let me win a little of your Money this Morning.

Capt. What, with that Face? Go, go wash it, go wash it, and put on some handsome things; you lookt a good likely Woman last Night; I wou'd not much have car'd if you had run five hundred Pounds in my Debt; but if I play with you this Morning, I'gad I'd advise you to win, for I won't take your personal Security at present for a Guinea.

Ld. Lov. To what a nauseous Freedom do Women of Quality of late admit these trifling Fops? and there's a Morning Exercise will give 'em Claim to greater Freedoms still.

[*Points to Hazard Table.*

Some Course must be taken.

[*Exit.*

Capt. What, is my Lord gone? He lookt methought as if he did not delight much in my Company. Well, Peace and Plenty attend him for your Ladyship's Sake, and those—who have now and then the Honour to win a hundred Pounds of you.

[*Goes to the Table singing, and throws.*

La. Ara. [*Twitching the Box from him.*] What, do you intend to win all the Money upon the Table... Seven's the Main... Set me a Million, *Toupee.*

Capt. I set you two, my Queen... Six to Seven.

La. Ara. Six... the World's my own.

Both.

Both. Ha, ha, ha.

Lady. O that my Lord had but Spirit enough about him, to let me play for a thousand Pounds a-night — But here comes Country Company —

Enter Lady Headpiece, Miss Betty, Mrs. Motherly, and Col. Courtly.

Your Servant, Madam, Good-morrow to you.

La. Head. And to you, Madam. We are come to Breakfast with you. Lord, are you got to those pretty Things already?

[*Points to the Dice.*]

La. Ara. You see we are not such idle Folks in Town as you Country Ladies take us to be; we are no sooner out of our Beds, but we are at our Work.

Miss Betty. Will dear Lady *Arabella* give us leave, Mother, to do a Stitch or two with her. [*Takes the Box and throws.*]

Capt. The pretty lively Thing!

La. Ara. With all her Heart; what says your Mama?

La. Head. She says, she don't love to sit with her Hands before her, when other People's are employ'd.

Capt. And this is the prettiest little sociable Work, Men and Women can all do together at it.

La. Head. Colonel, you are one with us, are you not?

La. Ara. O, I'll answer for him, he'll be out at nothing.

Capt. In a facetious way; he is the politest Person; he will lose his Money to the Ladies so Civilly, and will win theirs with so much good Breeding; and he will be so Modest to 'em before Company, and so Impudent to 'em in a dark Corner. . . Ha! Colonel!

La. Head. So I found him, I'm sure, last Night — Mercy on me, an Ounce of Virtue less than I had, and Sir *Francis* had been undone.

Capt. Colonel, I smoke you.

Col. And a fine Character you give the Ladies of me, to help me.

Capt. I give 'em just the Character of you they like, modest and brave.

Come Ladies, to Business; look to your Money, every Woman her Hand upon her Purse.

Miss Betty. Here's mine, Captain.

Capt. O the little soft Velvet one. . . and it's as full . . .

Come Lady *Blowse*, rattle your Dice, and away with 'em.

La. Ara. Six. . . at all. . . Five to Six . . . Five . . . Eight . . . at all again . . . Nine to Eight . . . Nine . . .

Enter Sir Francis, and stands gazing at 'em.

Seven's the Main . . . at all for Ever. [*Throws out.*

Miss Betty. Now Mama, let's see what you can do.

[*La. Head. takes the Box.*

La. Head. Well, I'll warrant you, Daughter . . .

Miss Betty. If you do, I'll follow a good Example.

La. Head. Eight's the Main . . . don't spare me Gentlemen, I fear you not . . . have at you all . . . Seven to Eight . . . Seven.

Capt. Eight, Lady, Eight . . . Five Pounds if you please.

La. Ara. Three, Kinswoman.

Col. Two, Madam.

Miss Betty. And one for Miss, Mama . . . and now let's see what I can do. [*Aside.*] If I shou'd win enough this Morning to buy me another new Gown — O bless me! there they go — Seven . . . come Captain, set me boldly, I want to be at a Handful.

Capt. There's Two for you Miss.

Miss Betty. I'll at 'em, tho' I dye for't.

Sir Fran. Ah my poor Child, take Care.

[*Runs to stop the Throw.*

Miss Betty. There.

Capt. Out . . . twenty Pounds, young Lady.

Sir Fran. False Dice, Sir.

Capt. False Dice, Sir? I scorn your Words . . . twenty Pounds, Madam.

Miss

Miss Betty. Undone, undone!

Sir Fran. She shan't pay you a Farthing, Sir; I won't have Miss cheated.

Capt. Cheated, Sir?

La. Head. What do you mean, *Sir Francis*, to disturb the Company, and abuse the Gentleman thus?

Sir Fran. I mean to be in a Passion.

La. Head. And why will you be in a Passion, *Sir Francis*?

Sir Fran. Because I came here to Breakfast with my Lady there, before I went down to the House, expecting to find my Family set round a civil Table with her, upon some Plumb Cake, hot Roles, and a Cup of Strong Beer; instead of which, I find these good Women staying their Stomachs with a Box and Dice, and that Man there, with the strange Periwig, making a good hearty Meal upon my Wife and Daughter —

Cetera desunt.



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